

## The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1858.

### EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A SCOTTISH SPURGEON.—A correspondent of the Presbyterian Herald, writing from Glasgow, thus describes a new revival preacher who is creating a great impression in Scotland:—

"In the early part of the year, our city enjoyed the ministrations of Mr. Brownlow North, a lay gentleman of independent means, who has devoted himself to the preaching of the Gospel. He is an Episcopalian, but addresses all who choose to listen to him wherever he finds an open door. His object is to deliver the simple Gospel message, which he does with overpowering earnestness. He speaks with fluency, and even elegance, makes no attempt at exegetical preaching, says that he has but one doctrine to expound and enforce, and disavows the ministerial character and authority. But such is the fervor of his earnestness, that the largest edifice in town was not capable of containing the multitudes who flocked to hear him, from the highest to the lowest; nor were two addresses on the Sabbath sufficient to meet the demand upon his ministrations, which are continued throughout the week. Our Presbyterian ministers of the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church, and one of the Established clergy, admitted him to their pulpits; and the ministers of all our churches received from the example of this good man a lesson on the importance of earnest preaching. Many inquirers who had been awakened by the addresses of Mr. North, visited and conversed with him during the week. His visit, there is reason to believe, was productive of much spiritual good.

This gentleman, a few years ago, was a terrible reprobate. He had a shooting lodge in the Highlands, where he indulged in very loose and profligate practices. After his conversion he devoted his labors as a Christian man exclusively to those districts where he had formerly rendered himself most notorious and obnoxious by his profligacy. In his expressions of self-reproach, which of course must be taken with considerable limitation, he has repeatedly declared that he had been guilty of all the sins in the decalogue except murder. Mr. North is no fanatic. He is a calm-minded man, thoroughly imbued with Christian principle, and profoundly

impressed with a sense of the duty laid upon him of making known the great salvation. I heard him address about three thousand people, who were admitted by ticket to the City Hall, and the effect of his simple and earnest pleadings was very impressive and memorable. No preaching, I dare say, since the days of Whitefield, has produced such a powerful effect upon the popular mind as this remarkable man's addresses; and their power lies not in their logical structure, but in their earnestness.

A friend of mine, who has seen Mr. North in his wild days on the stage as an amateur player, once dined in his Highland lodge along with a gay party. The wine was circling freely, and a Highland boy, whom Mr. North had engaged as a domestic servant, entered with a fresh supply of liquor, and in setting it before his master, whispered something to him; upon which, North instantly withdrew from the table and took a cigar, refusing to indulge longer in his cups. Turning to my informant, he said, "P——, that boy is a Christian; I could trust him with untold gold." Whether that poor Highland boy's humble influence as a child of God was instrumental in touching the wicked heart of his master, my friend could not tell. But, on the occasion referred to, his warning whisper arrested North in his bacchanalian career, and probably he was in the habit of using the same liberty with his master on other festive occasions."

A NOVEL SCENE.—A Wisconsin correspondent of the Rochester Union, states, that, in going from Prairie du Chien to La Crosse, a few days ago, a singular scene was presented on the steamboat. At one end of the long saloon, a clergyman was preaching to a small crowd gathered around him; in the middle, gambling was in busy progress; and at the other extremity of the saloon, there was music and dancing.

THE FIGHTER CONVERTED.—The New York Tribune says:—The celebrated Orville Gardner, familiarly called "Awful Gardner," prize-fighter and trainer of pugilists, has been recently brought under the influence of the general revival. He is now at a small town in the vicinity of New York, where his brother was recently converted, and where he himself has been led seriously to consider the subject of religion. He attended an inquiry-meeting held in a Methodist Church, and to the sur-



prise and pleasure of the better class of his friends, requested the prayers of the congregation—a request which on three different occasions he repeated. Having some unimportant business to do in this city, a friend asked him if he would “jump into the cars and go down and attend to it?” He replied, “I have more important business to attend to first, and I shall not go to the city till it is done.” He has at present under his training three men for a prize-fight. On being asked if he would give them further lessons, he replied that “he would go to them soon, but on a different errand from that of boxing and training,” and that he “would try to persuade them to give up their fighting, to reform their character, and to embrace religion.” We learn that his earnestness and seriousness are undoubted, and that he has become hopefully converted.

**PRAYER IN A THEATRE.**—At the prayer meeting at Burton's Theatre, New York, on Saturday last, Henry Ward Beecher was the leader in the devotional exercises. Every place in the theatre which could contain a human being was filled. More than three thousand persons were present. The *N. Y. Times* gives the following incident:

At this moment, there came in from the neighborhood of the theatre a volume of musical sound—the singing of a hymn in another meeting. Mr. Beecher rose, and stepped to the foot-lights. Raising his hand, he stood quietly a moment, fixing the attention of the audience before he spoke. “Brethren,” said he, “do you hear that? Stop a moment! *That's the sound of worship out of the old bar-room of this theatre!* Let us spend two minutes in silent prayer and thanksgiving!” He resumed his seat, and for the two succeeding minutes the falling of a pin could have been heard.

**HOPEFUL SIGNS AMONG THE MOST DEGRADED.**—One of the most interesting meetings in Boston is the noonday meeting held by Father Mason, in his Hall, corner of Ferry and North Streets, in the midst of the most depraved part of the city. Many of the most dissolute of both sexes have been there, wept and prayed, and give good signs of a thorough reform. Christians, following the example of Jesus, labor with them, and great good follows. Considerable money has been raised to procure means to aid those who wish an honorable and virtuous employment. The prayer of every one seems to be that the good work may go on.

**THE WHOLE COUNTRY IN REVIVAL.**—From the great West accounts come of the great awakening there. We saw a letter on Thursday from a merchant of this city, who has been travelling in Iowa and Wisconsin, and who says that everywhere, in the stores, at the hotels, in the streets, in the cars, the one prominent subject of discussion is religion. A gentleman from Ohio lately stated, that, by adding his personal observations to those of a friend, he could say, that from Omaha City, in Nebraska, to Washington, *there was a line of prayer meetings along the whole length of the road*; so that, wherever a Christian traveller stopped to spend the evening, he could find a crowded prayer meeting, across the entire breadth of our vast republic.

**A SALOON KEEPER CONVICTED.**—Rev. Dr. Nevins, of Chelsea, in illustrating the extent of the revival in reaching different classes of men, spoke of a keeper of a saloon in that city who had been prominent in leading young men into the paths of dissipation and vice, who had been reached by the Spirit of God, and whose saloon was used last night for a prayer meeting. The man himself was sick on his bed in an adjoining room, but he could not remain there, and putting the quilt around him, came out and asked the Christians present to pray for him, and himself started and sung the hymn:

“Show pity Lord, O, Lord forgive,  
Let a repentant sinner live.”

He avowed his earnest determination henceforth to serve God. The meeting was interesting.

#### EDITORS' DRAWER.

**THIS REVIVAL WILL NOT ALWAYS LAST.**—Such was the remark of a Christian minister, as he was plying the unconverted with a variety of motives for yielding to the gracious influences of God's spirit. Though well intended, in our humble judgment, it was ill-timed and unfortunate. However much such considerations may move on the impenitent, (and we doubt whether even this can be claimed to any very great extent,) it operates as an opiate on the faith of the church. And why, let us ask, may not this revival always last? Is God capriciously bound to a limited period in the outpouring of his Spirit? Must such seasons constitute eras in the church's history, separated by long, intervening years of spiritual



drought? We are free to admit that such has been the fact in the past, but must it need be in the future? We believe not. The church has been gradually merging from gross darkness to great light, and God will hold her responsible for that light. It has been generally conceded, that the commercial derangements of our country, have contributed much in leading the church to God; and, in the renewal of her espousals, as she has come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of her beloved, her beauty and her faithfulness have instrumentally attracted the eye of the world to Christ. Was the renewal of her covenant engagements an impulsive act, having reference to a limited season, or was it the calm, deliberate decision of the soul to wed itself to its rightful Lord, for all time, aye, for *eternity*? If the latter, our revival will not have an ephemeral existence—it will not be set down as one of those excitements, which have their day and are forgotten. The revival of business will not put out its fires—the revolution of kingdoms will not arrest its progress. Let the church learn the secret of *abiding* in Christ, and from her will flow perpetually rivers of living water. It was the absence of this higher life alone, that caused her to wane in her influence on the world—its maintenance will render that influence irresistible, and contribute, in no small measure, to the ushering in of millennial glory. Let her watch over herself with godly jealousy. Let her guard each avenue of the heart. Let her start at the first solicitation of a rival, and cleave closer to her spouse, and he will beautify her with the reflection of his own image, and lead her from conquering to conquest. What solemn obligations does the present revival impose on the lovers of holiness! With them, to a very great extent, will it depend whether it be permanent in duration or not. Now is the time, beloved, for you to sow the seed of truth. If you would preserve young converts from backsliding, if you would save those who have been longer in the way from the falls and failures of the past, teach them, while their hearts are yet tender, the fulness there is in Jesus, and the solemn obligations which Heaven imposes to lead a holy life. If ever there was a time that your light should shine, it is the present. With Jesus in your heart, utter, to the praise of his grace, the rich experience which you have had in the deep things of God. Such testimonies carry an irresistible weight, and we believe them to be one of the heaven-ordained means of keep-

ing alive our own faith. Said a minister of the gospel, who had for years professed this grace, but whose experience had been somewhat vacillating, "Brethren, I have been long studying how to keep the blessing of holiness—I have learned the secret." Then, in a subdued tone, he added, "Give it away—*Give it away*." Depend upon it, beloved, there is much true philosophy in this remark. Freely ye have received, freely *give*. Let that precious light that the Holy Spirit has imparted, *shine*, and there shall be added to that which has been already given, and you will have more abundantly. But let your testimony be not only of Christ, and for Christ, but *in* Christ, and *with* Christ. Besides the living testimony, much might be done by the circulation of books treating on holiness. These will gain access where your voice cannot reach, and will frequently secure attention and awaken thought where there is no motive for resistance. Sow beside all waters, and God will bless your efforts. The church must be aroused to her high and holy calling, or, after the present excitements are passed, she will relapse again into her old formalities, and the revival and its precious fruits will be numbered among the things that were.

May God lead us to faithfulness.

A GREEN SPOT.—Last September, by the solicitation and efforts of several ardent lovers of the precious doctrine of full salvation, a special meeting was established in the city of Rochester, for the promotion of this work. These meetings are held every Friday afternoon, in the North Street M. E. Church. By common consent, they are led by Rev. John Parker, who receives the hearty cooperation of Rev. J. N. Brown, the Pastor. Several ministers from other parts of the city are usually present, as well as a representation from nearly every Methodist Society, and some even of other denominations. Quite a number have found a fulness in Jesus, including one regular minister of the place, and several class-leaders and official members. It was my pleasure to attend one of those meetings in March, and my heart was cheered with the sight of my eyes. The most spiritual of the city regard the "Friday meeting" as a "green spot" in their midst. How much more becoming and Christ-like does it seem for those ministers of Jesus to give their sanction and influence to this work, than to glory (as did one whom I knew) in their successful efforts to *break up* all meetings of this kind under their jurisdiction!—[SUB-ED.]



# REMEMBER ME.

Arranged and Harmonized for the GUIDE, by Rev. W. Mc DONALD.

1. Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend, I look a - lone to thee;  
 2. Re - member thy pure word of grace, Re - member Cal - va - ry;  
 3. Thou wondrous Ad - vo - cate with God! I yield my - self to thee;  
 4. And tho' I'm guilt - ty, weak and vile, Sal - vation's full and free;  
 5. Howe'er for - sa - ken or distressed, Howe'er oppressed I be,  
 6. And when I close mine eyes in death, And creature helps all flee,

Now in the ful - ness of thy love, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me:  
 Now in the ful - ness of thy love, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me.  
 Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me:  
 While seat - ed on thy throne of love, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me:  
 Then, in thy all - a - bounding grace, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me:  
 End.

O, Lord! re - mem - ber me, . . . . O, Lord! re - mem - ber me;  
 And then re - mem - ber me, . . . . And then re - mem - ber me;  
 O, Lord! re - mem - ber me, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me;  
 O, Lord! re - mem - ber me, O, Lord! re - mem - ber me;  
 D. C.  
 Do thou re - mem - ber me, . . . . Do thou re - mem - ber me;  
 I pray, re - mem - ber me, . . . . I pray, re - mem - ber me;



## Christ in his Saints.

BY DORA.

THERE is no truth more plainly revealed in the Word of God, than this, that Christ dwells in the hearts of his saints.

With what confidence the apostle Paul exclaims,—“I live; yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me!*” When enumerating the blessings for which he prayed in behalf of his Ephesian brethren, he names this, “that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.” The deep interest of his soul toward his Galatian brethren is thus expressed: “My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, *until Christ be formed in you.*”

When writing to the church at Rome, he among other things exhorts them to “put on the Lord Jesus Christ;” and, in his epistle to the Colossians, he declares that “the mystery which hath been hid for ages, and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints,” “the riches” and “glory” of which he would have made “known among the Gentiles,” is this, “*Christ in you the hope of glory.*” To his Corinthian brethren, he with great confidence asks, “Know ye not, your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?”

How may we attain unto this inestimable blessing—an inward Christ? In reply to the question proposed by a disciple just prior to his crucifixion, “Lord, how is it, that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?” Jesus says, “If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and *make our abode with him.*” With this, agrees the language of the apostle John,—“God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and *God in him.*” Again he says, “And this is the love of God, that ye keep his commandments.”

Both Jesus and John show that true love will be evinced by an obedience to the divine precepts, and that, in the hearts of those who thus love, Christ will dwell.

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Jesus also says, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” John harmonizes with this when he says, “If we love one another, *God dwelleth in us*, and his love is perfected in us.” And now, lest we mistake the character of that love which we must have, in order to insure the indwelling of God—the apostle gives an infallible test: “By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.”

Obedience to the commands of God, is the touchstone given by Christ and the apostle John, by which we may know whether our love be of the genuine kind or not. It is not a love based on affinities and theories, but it is a love that “is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”

Though one had the power to speak the languages of all men, and with the eloquence of angels—though they possessed the gift of prophecy, and had understanding of all mysteries and sciences—though, by mighty faith, they could remove mountains into the midst of the sea, and with the spirit of wonderful benevolence, bestow all their goods on the poor, and nobly die a martyr’s death rather than yield their principles, yet, if destitute of this pure and heaven-born love; all, all beside, would profit them nothing.

It is such, yea, it is the same “love wherewith” the Father loved the Son. Says Jesus, in his prayer to the Father,—“And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and *I in them.*” It is a love “without dissimulation,” an “unfeigned love,” and he who has it in his heart will do “no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.”

The apostle Paul exhorts his brethren to be “rooted and grounded in love”—it is the “good ground,” which bringeth forth an “hundred fold.” We are to “forbear one another in love,” and to “speak the truth



in love." Is the church to "make increase of the body unto the edification of itself?"—it must be "in love." Are its members to be "knit together?"—it is "in love."—Would we have an active faith? It "works by love." This is a love that is not "in word, neither in tongue," only, "but in deed and in truth."

If the possessor of this love "sees a brother or a sister naked and destitute of daily food," he says not, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding he giveth them not those things that are needful to the body." Love feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, lifts the heavy burden from the weary shoulder, relieves the distressed, comforts the afflicted, and strengthens the weak.

Such is the love which leads to obedience, and secures an indwelling Christ. And now one blessed thought in conclusion. The King, seated on the throne of judgment, is represented as saying to those upon his right hand,—*"Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."* Done what unto Christ? Why, they had fed him when hungry,—given him drink when thirsty, clothed him when naked, visited him when sick, ministered unto him when in prison. And how? By doing it even unto the least of those, his brethren, for in them *Christ dwelt*.

Brother! sister! hast thou ever thought "O, that I had lived when the Savior was upon earth! with what delight would I have hung upon his words,—with what eager haste prepared a repast and a couch for his refreshment, when hungry and weary with fasting and long journeying. How I would have brought the cooling water, with which to lave his fevered brow, and bathe his soil-worn feet. I would have applied balm to his bleeding wounds, when scourged by Roman soldiers, and near his cross would I have taken my stand, and mingled my tears with the weeping Mary's, and from the fulness of my heart, told him my grief and love." Turn thine eye no

longer back to Nazareth, to Gethsemane, nor Calvary, but remember that Christ is *here*,—he yet lives and dwells "with men on earth," and while thou art bestowing kindly acts of love on his saints, thou art in verity ministering to him whom thy soul loveth.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, *ye have done it unto me.*"

### "Guide to Holiness."

BY M. LOWRY.

THOU lamp of life and love divine!  
O may thy truths with radiance shine,  
Till darkest night shall turn to day,  
Beneath thy heaven-born spirit's sway.

Sweet messenger of holy joy,  
And perfect love without alloy!  
Still may thy monthly rounds be run,  
Till love unites all hearts in one.

This is the life and this the power.  
O may it richly on us shower,  
Till all be sprinkled from above,  
And taste the joys of perfect love!

Then will thy work appear, indeed,  
Rich harvest of a precious seed;—  
The true millennial day shall come,  
"And angels shout the harvest-home."

Onward! Upward! point us still,  
To the top of Pisgah's hill:  
Conduct us to the river's brink,  
Then in the arms of love we'll sink.

And when we're come to Canaan's shore,  
We'll need thy guidance then no more;  
But follow angels as our "guide,"  
Till we arrive at Jesus' side.

OWEN SOUND, C. W.

NEGLECT.—"There is nothing in our earthly affairs that is valuable, that will not be ruined by neglect—and why may it not be so in the concerns of the soul? Let no one, therefore, infer, that because he is not a drunkard, an adulterer, or a murderer, that, therefore, he will be saved."—[Barnes.



### Holiness—its Effects.

"WITHOUT me," says the Savior, "ye can do nothing." No one feels so fully the truth of this inspired declaration as the truly holy soul. In perusing the written experience of several eminently pious persons recently, I was surprised at the harmony of thought and expression on this point. I fear not to assert, that no greater test—so far as mere feeling is concerned,—can be, or should be, desired by the lovers of holiness, than this deep, pervading consciousness of personal nothingness. In the language of the poet we may ever say,

"Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need."

This state of feeling, however, does not exclude the existence of that perfect faith, which will enable us to say, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." In this, there is a blending of perfect weakness and perfect strength—the perfect weakness of the finite, and perfect strength of the infinite. In Professor Upham's work, entitled, "Divine Union," we find an extract from his personal experience corroborative of our own views on this subject. It reads as follows: "I have been taught, for many years, and by painful experience, that I can place no confidence in my own thoughts, feelings, and purposes. In none of these respects can I be my own keeper. On the contrary, I have seen, with the greatest clearness, that to be left to myself, either in these respects or in anything else, is always to be left in sin. And so great has been my anguish of spirit, in view of my inability to guide myself aright, that I could only pray that I might be struck out of existence and be annihilated, or that God would return and keep that which I could not keep myself."

Were this effect of "perfect love" generally understood, we should be better prepared to "perfect holiness," and to "grow in grace." For the want, or lack of knowledge on this point, many fall back into a

lower state of grace, or go mourning after something—they know not what. Here is the point where that faith is needed which will permit God, in accordance with his will and word, to lead us by a "way we know not."

God has so constituted man, that he possesses a three-fold nature, viz., physical, intellectual and moral. The gospel system, or economy of grace, is such, that it reaches and operates upon them all, till, if there is no opposition by the creature, the whole becomes leavened or redeemed from the dominion and power of sin. We have already expressed a few thoughts in relation to the effect of holiness, as exhibited in the conscious nothingness of the creature and the all of the Creator. To show how this blessed state of things is to be effected, it would be as well, perhaps, to begin with some particulars respecting it.

First. Our *understanding*. In proportion to our knowledge and understanding of the laws and effect of grace, will, no doubt, be our attainments, taking it for granted that we are sincere, and seeking after God with all our heart. This faculty of the mind needs close and constant attention, and should be regulated and trained under the teachings of the Word and Spirit of God. It will be utterly impossible to "draw nigh to God" in the exercise of a perfect faith, until, with our understanding, we perceive Christ in all his offices as the "end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." When this point is attained, faith may stretch out her hand, and take to herself the promises, and find, that, in very deed, they are all yea and amen.

My Christian reader, permit the question to be asked, How do we understand this matter? Are our perceptions of holiness, or of "perfect love," clear and scriptural? Are we holding on whereunto we have attained, "not laying again the foundation for repentance?" If these interrogations can be answered in the affirmative, the leaven of grace is now effecting its



blessed work in every part of our being. In order, therefore, to accelerate this state of things, our *will* is another important faculty, or item of our being, which needs attention. Here is a grand citadel, one which often holds out the longest and hardest against every weapon except that of indomitable courage and faith. When conquered, it becomes the most blessed participator in all the victories of grace.

As we pass along with our subject, we would continue our inquiries, and here ask, Is *our will* subjugated, conquered, refined and prepared to adorn the temple of grace? If so, we may bathe in a sea of unsullied pleasure, and find all its waves both cleansing and refreshing to our souls. The Lord grant it may be even so.

The next particular to which we would turn our attention, relates to the *conscience*. This, in connection with our other faculties, has become disordered and perverted. Its origin, like all other evils,

“Sprang from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race and taints us all.”

Not only is the conscience affected by original depravity, but also through the practical habit of sin and unbelief. “Now the Spirit,” saith the apostle Paul, “speaketh expressly, that, in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy, *having their conscience seared*,” etc. Perhaps in none of our faculties are the effects of depravity and sin so little noticed—so little suspected of being wrong and boding wrong, as the one we are now contemplating. Hence the obvious cause of so many false theories and false teachings, which, in the end, result in crime, misery, and death.

It is doubtless owing to the perverted state of the conscience, that many professing Christians do and say things without any apparent compunction, which are clearly forbidden by the Word and Spirit of God. For instance, a profusion in dress, equipage, amusements, etc., speaking lightly

of others, or as we would not that others should speak of us, running in debt when there is no necessity for it, promising and failing to perform, eating and drinking that, or in that degree, which is not for the glory of God, using tobacco and intoxicating drinks, covetously withholding time and money from the cause of benevolence, wasting time unnecessarily in sleep, etc., etc.

In every minutiae of life, especially of holy life, the conscience is kept in constant exercise. We do not go out or come in, rise up or lie down, think or speak, eat or drink, or do anything else, but we have reproof or encouragement from this ever-watchful monitor.

In view, therefore, of this state of things, it becomes our imperative duty to seek for a scripturally enlightened and purified conscience. Possessing this blessing, all our decisions will harmonize with the unerring teachings of the sacred Spirit and Oracles of God. We would therefore suggest the propriety of making a definite effort, to instruct and mould this faculty of the mind, so as to have it fully answer the great purpose for which it was created. To this end our prayers and our faith should be also definite. In the work progressive of holiness, it becomes frequently necessary to enter into a consideration of particulars which have many times before been considered. We have evidence of this fact, from injunctions like the following: “Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.” “Exhort one another daily,” “lest any of you be hardened,” etc. The same sentiment is also taught in many of our hymns. For instance, the following in relation to the conscience:—

“From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshy heart,  
*The tender conscience give.*  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my *conscience* make;  
Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.”

B. S.



### Take the Cross.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

THERE is a cross in standing out fully on the side of Christ and truth, and witnessing a good confession in all the relations of life. Yet every one who expects to be crowned in the resurrection of the just, must conscientiously take up, and unfalteringly bear, that "consecrated cross." No matter how much the flesh may tremble, and incline us to seek an easier path; the flesh must be crucified, and the voice of the tempter hushed to silence, by our prompt obedience. A failure here is a *fatal* one, which all are exhorted not to make. The Word assures us—and experience confirms it—that this is, after all, the shortest, and cheapest, and safest way for all to tread;—*it is the only way* to a crown of bright glory in the mansions above!

But it was intended only to say a few words in reference to a single point. It is this: When our brethren and sisters *write* for the public, and thus witness to the truth, do they not often shun the cross, by withholding their names? We are convinced that articles for the press would be read with greater interest, and generally do more good, with the proper names of the authors attached. Especially would we urge this upon all writers on *Personal Experience*. No one should write an experience which he is afraid to meet at home; and where the true *testimony* is given, the world ought to be blessed with a knowledge of the *living witnesses*.

Sister B——, of this place, a mother in Israel, whose depth of piety I have never known surpassed, recently assured me of her solemn convictions on this point. Many years ago, she wrote her experience of perfect love; but a mistaken humility concealed her name. The anonymous article made its appearance, but she felt that she had kept back part of the price, and realized a spiritual loss from that hour. The editor of the Northern Christian

Advocate will understand this allusion, as he was her pastor at the time. Let all prayerfully weigh this matter, and resolve to *take the cross!*

Lima, N. Y.

### I Love Jesus.

The writer of the following does not intend to speak of the distinctive work of inward purity at present, though she is not a stranger to its blessed reality. Of this, she may speak at another time. The design of the writer is thus expressed by herself, in an accompanying note: "My object is not to speak on the subject of *holiness*, but to show the power of *divine grace* to keep the *youthful heart* from following after the *fleeting things of earth*." SUB-EDITOR.

How often have my heart-strings thrilled, as I have heard, in the mingled songs of God's little ones, the simple words,—

"Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

Well do I remember the eventful hour when first I knelt as a humble penitent at the feet of Jesus. It was in the winter of 1852, when, under the faithful preaching of Dr. Redfield, (Rev. J. K. Tinkham being our preacher in charge,) I was brought to see myself somewhat as God saw me. It was just at the time in life when the world began to wear the most pleasing aspect, and Pleasure beckoned me with a flowery hand to continue with her gay votaries. But blessed be Jesus that I was brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit, thus early in life. From how many fearful snares has it saved me!

Though taught in early childhood, by a pious mother, to lisp "Our Father who art in heaven," and though I often uttered that prayer as I grew older, yet, when I came to look on my heart, by the light of divine truth, oh! what a heart of *sin* I found; and almost despairingly I cried,—

"Is there any mercy, Lord?"

Oh! send it down to me."

There *was* mercy in store, and a blessed manifestation thereof was communicated to me. Hard was the struggle to give up the world; and I felt, while the strong



fetters that bound me to earth were being severed,—

“’Tis bitter pain, ’t is cruel smart,  
But O! thou must consent, my heart.”

And I *did* consent to let Jesus save me. The language of my overflowing soul in that happy hour was, Glory to Jesus! Glory to Jesus! And in view of all that grace has done for me, since, to wean me from earth’s vain glitter, and purify my nature, I still repeat, Glory to Jesus! For some time I have been able to adopt the following beautiful language:

“Let worldly minds the world pursue;  
It has no charms for me—  
Once, I admired its trifles too,  
But *grace* hath set me free.

\* \* \* \* \*  
“Creatures, *no more* divide my choice;  
I bid them all depart—  
His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
*Have fixed my roving heart.*”

And still the Savior is with me, and I am permitted to enjoy his presence every day; and I rejoice to know that *salvation* is my *present portion*, and *heaven* my *future home*.

SARAH.

Henrietta, N. Y. March, 1858.

### “Passing Away!”

BY S. V. L.

THERE are some expressions in language which are burdened with the weight of human destiny. The simple words which head this article embody a truth deeply impressive, and full of solemn emphasis. They are the sad wail of nature; the mournful requiem of humanity. They sweep through the halls of memory gathering the events of the past;—they fathom the future, and trace the checkered pathway of life until it is lost in the dark waters of the stream of death. “Passing away” is written upon everything earthly. It is the melancholy dirge of the rippling rill, for soon shall its last wave hurry to mingle with the waters of the rolling ocean. It is the gentle whisper of the twinkling stars, as they stud the dark platform of a moon-

less sky, for we are told that “the heavens shall pass away;”—that “the firmament shall be rolled together as a scroll,” and no longer shall these lamps of heaven light the slumbering world. The bright flowers that unfold their petals to the morning sunlight, murmur in their departing fragrance “passing away,” for soon shall the last rays of the sinking sun tremble upon their faded and scattered leaves. The towering pyramids; the splendid monuments of human genius; the grandest works of art, are all hurrying on to the sepulchre of decay, and shall soon be buried in the grave of oblivion. The splendid temple of nature which has been reared by nature’s God, hung with burning worlds, adorned with continents, and gemmed with oceans; carpeted with liquid silver and velvet green; fringed with landscapes, and dotted with islands;—even this superstructure, the masterpiece of Heaven’s workmanship, shall be consumed, while over its ashes shall rise the “great white throne.” Every thing material sighs “passing away.”

Upon the muffled drum of time the funeral march of the teeming millions of earth is being beaten. Onward, onward, moves the great procession to the charnel-house of death. The wave of every successive generation is freighted with human beings, rolling onward to the boundless ocean of Eternity. All of us journey from the cradle to the grave;—finding between the warmth of the one, and the coldness of the other, no resting-place. Like the ripe oak of the forest ready for its fall, even so the aged sire, with whitened locks and furrowed cheek, is tottering over the tomb. The man of vigor in the prime of his life,—the maiden flying on the rosy wings of youth,—and the golden one that gambols in the sunny hours of childhood, all are in the moving caravan of life, *all* are passing away. Unconsciously the flying moments wing themselves away, and make up the sum of human history, as the blending waves make up the mighty deep. The day, the year, the successive periods of



human life, all hasten away, and are remembered only as an evening dream.

Life's pilgrimage is short and eventful; full of sunshine, full of shadows. It is compared, in the Bible, to a shooting star, which blazes for a moment in its brilliant career o'er the heavens, and then expires in darkness and gloom. It is represented by a "flower of the field," which unfolds in beauty, and cheers with its rich fragrance, but in one short season withers, and is forgotten. The inspired penman, also, compares it to a "weaver's shuttle," which swiftly flies onward, but soon completes its mission. Various are the figures used to represent it, all teaching its frailty, and proclaiming its brevity.

With fearful rapidity we are hastening to join the vast army of the sheeted dead, to remain with them for a brief space in death's dungeon, and thence to pass to the judgment-seat of Christ. The brightest eye will soon lose its brilliance, and its dark fire shall grow dim in death. The loveliest human form will soon crumble to dust, the most blooming cheek fade, and the most bounding heart cease forever its pulsations. To the Christian, this thought is one of unmatched sublimity, for it points his eye to the splendors of that world to which he is journeying; it fires his soul with the vision of immortality. To the sinner, its contemplation is filled with darkness and misery. The fact that he is "passing away," is a dreamlike indefiniteness, a cloud-skirted mystery.

Reader, let the fact that you are "passing away," impress you with your relations to God, and urge you to continual action. To a world of bliss, or a world of unending misery, you are travelling.

"Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.  
There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the *second* death!"

Throw your vision over the dark stream into that world beyond, for *there* it is never said, "WE ARE PASSING AWAY!"

### The Secret of the Lord.

BY LEILA.

THE secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant.—Psalms xxv. 14.

THE secret of the Lord

Will ever be with those,  
Who, on the Savior's simple word,  
Confidingly repose.

With simple, trusting faith,  
They Abba, Father, cry,  
And God, their Heavenly Father, hears,  
And helps them from on high.

On them he sets the seal,  
Of his unchanging love,  
And daily feeds their hungry souls,  
With manna from above.

They yield the heavenly fruit  
Of love, and peace, and joy,  
That peace the precious Savior gives,  
The world can ne'er destroy.

With such delight in God,  
They daily grow in grace,  
Reflecting still his image here,  
Till they shall see his face.

"The just shall live by faith,"  
Assured of perfect peace;  
Their path is like the shining light,  
That ever will increase

Until the perfect day,  
Shall bless their longing eyes,  
And the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
Shall gladden all the skies.

To me, that trusting faith,  
Dear Savior, now impart—  
A sweet assurance of thy love,  
An humble, holy heart!

Give me such perfect love,  
That, e'en in death's dark vale,  
Thy presence shall illumine my path,  
Nor heart nor flesh shall fail!

For then my promised guide  
Shall answer to my call,  
And faith be sweetly lost in sight,  
When Christ is all in all.

Newport, April 24, 1858.



### An Analogy

BETWEEN THE HISTORY OF THE ISRAELITES IN THE WILDERNESS AND THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH PRIOR TO HER ENTERING THE REST OF FAITH.

BY M. W. RUSSELL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the knowledge we have of God by the works of nature around us, and his inward revelations to the soul, still the mass of the human race are comparatively ignorant of him, in some of the most important relations he sustains to us, through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as our strength, our wisdom, and our keeper.

The Israelites, at the commencement of the seven years' famine, were led to see their awful condition, as death stared them in the face; but God had prepared them a deliverer, their beloved Joseph, who was eminently a type of Christ. He was sold for twenty pieces of silver, hated, reviled, falsely accused, condemned, inwardly crucified, buried for three years in prison, and finally, through suffering, to what amazing glories did he enter into rest! In like manner, the human race, when they see the inward corruption of the heart, their fallen, hopeless condition, the terrors of the second death staring them in the face, Christ arises as their Savior and Deliverer from the penalty attached to a broken law. The Israelites were kindly treated by the Egyptian monarchs, while Joseph lived; but soon after his death, were terribly oppressed, and often mourned under the lash of the cruel task-master. The new-born soul likewise rejoices in deliverance from the terrors that threaten the transgression of the law. At first, abundantly satisfied, like the Israelites, with the joys resulting from deliverance, and the good things set before it, it goes on for a while, weeks or months, perhaps, in this happy state; and, while it feels the love of Christ glowing in the heart, it willingly attends to all Christian duties; but, in a moment of tempta-

tion, or amid the busy cares of the world, it neglects to take up some cross; the next time it has not so much feeling, and it resolves to wait till it has more; so it keeps going round the cross, until it has become so magnified that it seems impossible to take it up at all. But conscience says, You have made a profession, and you must do so and so; thus it becomes the "school-master, or slave-driver, (as Mr. Finney calls it,) and uses the lash to excite it to duty, until at last it is led to cry out with Paul, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—Romans vii. 24. It is not so with the sanctified soul; having found it hard to serve two masters, it has renounced self, laid all upon the altar, and committed itself to Christ, to do his will, whatever it may be. Then he appears as its strength, and everything is spontaneous; for love, instead of fear, is the ruling motive of the heart. It simply trusts and confides in him as a child in its parent, being "careful for nothing." It does not look forward to the next hour to see whether it shall have to do some important duty, or take up some heavy cross, knowing that he will not impose upon it any burden too heavy to bear. It remembers that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and, if it is constantly renewing its strength, what has it to fear?

As God proclaimed deliverance to the Israelites, by his servant Moses, so now he seems to be proclaiming deliverance to this generation, by some of his faithful servants. As miracles were performed to convince the Egyptians that he was the true God, so now we may say they are being performed almost daily, by bringing in the outcasts, those who were sunk in the lowest depths of vice and misery, with sceptics and infidels, who totally rejected God. The barriers that seemed, a few years ago, to be insurmountable, have been removed; the gospel has been preached to almost every nation, and those who have not heard it are ready to receive it. Some of the



strongest fortresses in Satan's kingdom have fallen, and hundreds and thousands have been brought, by the sword of the Spirit, to surrender at the feet of Jesus. "The shouts of victory are being "wafted in on every breeze," and the cry comes from the north and the south, the east and the west, "Come over and help us." But are we ready? Can we go forth but partly armed—with the old shield of faith we have been using these many years, so often pierced and broken by the darts of the enemy? The answer is, No, that is not sufficient. God is calling upon his people, to put on the whole armor; he offers them a new shield, the full assurance of faith, which alone can conquer the world. A voice cries, "All things are now ready,"—"go up and possess the land." Shall we say, "We are not able"? The assurance comes again, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Whatever God may overlook in those that know not their duty, who have not the precious light that is beaming in upon us in this nineteenth century, it is evident that his perfect law prohibits the commission of a single sin; and, if we refuse to obey that law when it is made known to us, or we have the means of knowing it, terrible will be the result. We have become so wedded to the world, and so accustomed to little sins, as some term them, though no sin is a little sin in the sight of God, that the idea of holiness, to a worldly professor, is exceedingly repugnant. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and sin is the transgression of it, so that, while the soul is entirely actuated, in all its exercises, by pure love to Christ, those exercises of the heart cannot be sinful. I have often heard Mr. Finney say, that, "if we would ever see Christ, we must be like him;" and can we be like Christ without being holy? "But," says one, "I expect God will make me holy before I die." You do! What ground have you for supposing that if suddenly cut off while you knowingly live in the commission of one sin, God will,

at that moment, make you holy, and take you to heaven! O fatal delusion! "He that violates one of the commandments is guilty of the whole."

But to return to the Israelites. Although they worshipped the God of Abraham, known to them as the great I AM, yet, having no adequate idea of his nature, they, at the same time, supposed that the idols of Egypt possessed the attributes of Divinity, and were worshipped to some extent by them, as having power to dispense good and evil to all the inhabitants of the land.

Likewise the soul that has not attained a full maturity of grace supposes that the idols of the world, in the way of dress, pride, anger, must be retained, and in some way or other, courted: ornaments must be worn to please friends; a certain degree of worldly pride must be cherished, in order to maintain respectability, and conscience even must be sacrificed often to preserve its honor. Mr. Finney calls every thing an idol that comes between us and God; and says, "The way to heaven is so straight and narrow that we cannot take any of them with us."

After a long succession of miracles, Pharaoh lets the people go. What rejoicing is there in all their ranks! and as they breathe the air of freedom, their joy is expressed in anthems of praise to their deliverer. So the burdened soul, as it comes into the liberty of a free and full salvation, rejoices, with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." They pass along, guided by the pillar of cloud, by day, and that of fire, by night, until they come to the margin of the Red Sea, where they encamp; but suddenly they are surprised by the approaching host of Pharaoh. Before them is the sea, and behind them is the advancing hostile enemy; they know if they go forward death awaits them in the deep, if they return backwards they must encounter the swords of their pursuers. Just at this crisis Jehovah appears as their deliverer—a voice goes forth, the waters roll back on either side, and the Israelites pass over in



safety. The Egyptians pursue them, and are overwhelmed in the waters. Likewise, the sanctified soul often has to pass through deep waters of affliction, where it cannot at first, see the hand of God, and the enemy says, "You can never go through this;" but faith, the guiding star by day, and hope, the beacon light by night, reveal Christ as its strength, and he speaks in the still, small voice—"My grace is sufficient for thee." The Israelites were strengthened, while passing through the wilderness, by the manna that fell from heaven, and refreshed by water that issued from the rock struck by the rod of Moses. So the soul, united to Christ, while travelling through the wilderness of this world, is strengthened by the bread of life, (the word of God,) and refreshed by the promises as they flow gently forth from that cleft-rock, the lips of the Redeemer.

When they reached Mount Sinai, in the absence of Moses, not fully understanding the nature of the true God, they erected a golden calf as an object of worship.—Soon the mountain began to tremble at its base, and His voice was heard in thunder tones at its top, signifying his displeasure. Likewise, the newly sanctified soul, in an unexpected moment of assault, failing to appropriate Christ, *may* fall into sin. But, how the inner temple trembles! The mild voice of reproof seems to echo through the inner chambers of the soul, as though it would never die away. As the Israelites laid their hands on the head of the sacrifice, thereby transferring to it their sins,—so we, if we violate the law, must lay hold of Christ by repentance and faith; and, as he bears our sins away, we are cleansed from all unrighteousness. Let us not think that, if we become holy, we shall not need to bathe again in that "fountain filled with blood;" for we need to repair to it, then, oftener than ever, in order that we may be kept "unspotted from the world."

The Israelites were required to fight with and destroy their enemies on every side.

So we are required, with the "sword of the Spirit," to fight our spiritual enemies who often threaten to overthrow us. They were detained forty years in the wilderness because they had not faith sufficient to go up and possess the land. Thus, they were turned back from time to time, when they were on the very borders of it, until all the generations, but those of Caleb and Joshua, had passed away; for they alone had said, We are able to go up and take possession. So the New Testament church has many times touched the borders of the promised land; at the Reformation, and in the days of Wesley, she seemed to come still nearer, but through unbelief was again driven back. At the present time, we are nearer still, and a voice louder than ever, cries, "Go up and possess the land." The question has been asked, "Will the present revival cease?" It will abate or continue, just in proportion as God's people put on the whole armor, and gird themselves for the conquest.—When his people become a holy people, then will Satan's kingdom begin to tremble and fall—then will this earth become the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Then shall we enter the promised land, when Christ will reign King of kings on the earth, a thousand years, with the sceptre of love, *in the hearts of his people.*

### Unbelief,

AND ITS RELATION TO OTHER SINS.

BY J. D.

THERE are various opinions as it respects the relation which unbelief bears to other sins. Some regard it as the great cause or parent from which all other sins proceed; while others view it as the effect or offspring of some greater sin, and would think it as unwise to speak or preach against the sin of unbelief as it would be for a physician to apply a remedy to the effect instead of the cause of a disease he wished to remove.

But we think the word of God, as well as the experience of many devoted Christians, prove it be the great fountain or



root of all sin. It is, in fact, the first seed which Satan sowed in the human heart. God placed man in Eden with the charge, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for, in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." While he believes God's word, he obeys it, and is pure and happy; but the first temptation which is presented to the sinless pair is unbelief. "Ye shall not surely die," says the subtle foe, just the reverse of what God says. Now if man believes the word of the serpent, he must disbelieve the word of God. He cannot have faith in the one without unbelief in the other. He listens to and believes the serpent, which is the first step towards the fatal fall. Now he can reach forth his hand, and take the fruit for which, a short time before, he had no desire; he neither coveted it for food, nor delighted to gaze on it.

But now the daughters of Eve see that it is a tree "good for food," and that it is "pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." What has caused this wonderful change, even before the fruit is tasted? Neither the tree nor its fruit has changed; it looks the same, and is the same. But ah, Eve has changed. That heart, which, a short time previous, was pure and holy, has now received the fatal seed of unbelief, which, the next moment, springs up, and bears the fruit of disobedience. Thus it appears that unbelief was the first sin that entered the heart of our first parents, which shows it to be the great foundation, or corner stone, on which the devil reared his kingdom in this world. And that soul, who is striving for "all the fulness of God," the whole purchased inheritance, finds that this corner stone of unbelief is the most difficult to be displaced, that the top stone of Christ's kingdom may be brought forth with shouting. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof

with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it."—Zech. iv. 7.

Unbelief is also represented as the root or cause of all the sins of the children of Israel in the wilderness. The word of God charges all of their grievous sins, both of omission and commission, to unbelief. "To whom sware he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not?" "So we see that they could not enter in because of their unbelief."—Hebrews iii. 18, 19.

It is true there are portions of Scripture which seem to represent unbelief as the effect of other sin; but not as existing in justified believers. Jesus said, "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" But he spoke of those Jews who did not believe even the law of Moses; and of whom he testifies, "I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you." And St. James says, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss; that ye may consume it upon your lusts." But the apostle addressed these words to a class of worldly-minded professors, and not to justified believers.

Again, it is written, "The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear. But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear."—Isaiah lix. 1, 2. But, as justified believers do not commit sin and iniquity, the prophet cannot be addressing this class of individuals here.

We wonder not that those who are immersed in actual sins cannot believe a sanctifying promise as applicable to them.

But may we not wonder what is in the way of a truly justified believer, who, for months, strives, and fasts, and weeps, and prays, for the blessing of holiness, but finds it not, if unbelief is only "the effect of other sins."

Now here is a difficulty. As justified believers are troubled with unbelief, and a



great deal of it too, they must of necessity commit or hold on to a great deal of sin to give birth to so much unbelief. But St. John tells us, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not. He that committeth sin is of the devil," but, if we say that unbelief is dependent upon other sins for its existence, we find ourselves obliged to admit that a justified believer can commit or hold on to sin, and, at the same time, retain his justification.

Hence we are compelled to give up the above glorious Bible truth, that a justified soul doth not commit sin; or let this monster appear without disguise as the Agag of all sin. O, if unbelief were treated with the severity it deserves, how would every faithful minister hew it in pieces, before the Lord, and every true child of God would flee from it as from the face of the serpent.

Binghamton, March 4th, 1858.

#### A Few Words from an Old Man.

BROTHER DEGEN:—I have long, long patronized and read the "Guide to Holiness," and I trust with much comfort. I am old, and must soon pass away. I would like to be useful to those inquiring, and leave my testimony behind, to the living reality of our holy Christianity.

The subject of holiness should enlist the deepest sympathies and most anxious inquiries of the soul. To become holy, is at once a command, duty, and privilege. A strong collateral evidence of the attainableness of perfect love, will be furnished by taking a general view of the whole plan of salvation. Let any one try, by a mighty *stretch of faith*, to grasp in the infinite benevolence of God in the gift of his *Son* who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and he will not find it so difficult to believe that he will "with him, also, freely give us *all things*."

I recollect to have conversed with a brother in Christ, who professed to enjoy

sanctification, and when, interrogated as to the certainty of it, he replied, "Whenever I can look up by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus, the way then is all clear in a moment."

O, it is a great thing to be a *believer*, in the truest sense! To know fully how much is meant by *believing in Jesus*, is the Christian's highest privilege. To *believe*, is to embrace the whole record that God has given of his Son, and to *experience* the complete *efficacy* of the Redeemer's blood, is a full salvation from sin; "and by patient *continuance* in well-doing," we "seek for glory, and honor, and immortality," and shall be rewarded with "eternal life."

Glory be to God, that, when the enemy attacks by his strongest weapon, unbelief, we have power to look to Jesus, and immediately see a fulness in *Him*; and such a sight of Christ will break the tempter's power.

We should thus reckon with God, that, as Christ has paid all the debt, and purchased for us pardon and holiness, it becomes both our duty and privilege to believe and enter into rest. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from *all sin*." With this sentence, I am content to close for the present.

T. B.

Nashville, Tenn.

#### Levity.

Is it wrong to indulge in levity? Although the practice of the great mass of professing Christians would seem to indicate that this question must be answered in the negative, we unhesitatingly give it as our opinion that levity is not only wrong, but a great sin. In the first place, it unfits the mind for prayer. Can you, my Christian friend, engage in light and trifling conversation, and then approach God, and implore his blessing upon yourself, and what you have been saying? You may ask his forgiveness, it is true, but, by that very act, you acknowledge you have been



doing what was not right. Then, again consider its effects. Thousands of hopeful converts have, in their infancy, been drawn, by the indulgence of this habit, into a backslider's or formalist's grave. What kind of influence levity exerts over the minds of those who are seeking, or rather who would seek, higher attainments in the divine life, we will let the experience of our readers decide. If we may be permitted to refer to our own, we would say, that, to this cause more than any other, may be attributed years of heart-wandering, which, although they may be forgiven, can never be recalled.

In addition to all this, levity greatly impairs, and often destroys, the Christian's capacity for usefulness. Who can, even when in the society of Christians, join in vain and foolish conversation, and then proceed to that which is "edifying," without a painful consciousness of inconsistency? It is more probable that, under such circumstances, religious conversation will not be introduced; and we have sometimes thought it would be better that it should not, than to have it succeed that of so different a character, especially where it is introduced, as it frequently is in such cases, as a kind of offset to what has been previously said. And then who, that indulges in levity in the presence of the unconverted, can, at any and every suitable opportunity, warn them of their danger, and urge them to flee from the wrath to come? Ah, if we would win souls to Christ, our "speech must be always with grace, seasoned with salt." While we feel that levity in a Christian is not consistent, the sinner knows it is not. In view of all these facts, we cannot view levity in any other light than that of being a great sin, and a very dangerous one. The danger is owing, in no small degree, to the apparent harmlessness of the practice.

It is very easy for the tempter to persuade well-meaning persons, "that there is no great harm in being a little lively," and then, when the first step is taken, how soon the way is

prepared for another and another, until the enemy gets a strong foothold in a citadel which was not prepared to repel him, because not aware of his approach. O, if there is ever a time when the arch-deceiver is transformed into "an angel of light," it is when he is persuading Christians to "talk nonsense."

But the question will naturally arise whether, in avoiding levity, there is not danger of going to the opposite extreme. We readily admit there is need of caution on this point; yet with those whose natural disposition and past habits would incline them to undue levity, there is very little danger of becoming too serious. Not many months since, we had a dear, saved school-friend, who had once been the gayest of the gay. But so fully convinced was she of the inconsistency and danger of indulging in the flow of wit and humor, so natural to her, that more than once she was obliged to leave, for a time, the society of young companions, that in secret she might gain that grace which would keep her from speaking the "funny things" that would rush into her mind. Still, with all M—'s caution against "sinning with her lips," she was neither sad nor unsocial. When Minnie J—, one of the most talented and observing of that group of school friends, was weighing the great question of then seeking her soul's salvation, she said, "If I knew I could be as cheerful a Christian, as M—, I would not hesitate a moment longer." This was unmistakable evidence, coming from an unprejudiced source, that an amiable, and even winning deportment, may be combined with seriousness and candor. Few, perhaps none, who read these lines, have ever had more powerful temptations upon this very point than the writer. We would not, therefore, speak to others harshly, but in the spirit of love and sympathy. That both reader and writer may be enabled to "have our conversation in heaven" is the prayer of

ANNA.



### The Great Calm.

"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

MARK vi. 50.

"It is I," (or, as our old version has it, more in accordance with the original,) "I AM! be not afraid!" Jesus lives! His people may dispel their misgivings—Omnipotence treads the waves! To sense it may seem at times to be otherwise; wayward accident and chance may appear to regulate human allotments; but not so: "The Lord's voice is upon the waters,"—he sits at the helm guiding the tempest-tossed bark, and guiding it well.

How often does he come to us as he did to the disciples in that midnight hour when all seems lost,—*"in the fourth watch of the night,"*—when we least looked for him; or when, like the shipwrecked apostle, *"for days together neither sun nor stars appeared, and no small tempest lay on us; when all hope that we should be saved seemed to be taken away,"*—how often, *just at that moment*, is the "word of Jesus" heard floating over the billows!

Believer, art thou in trouble? Listen to the voice in the storm, "Fear not, *I AM.*" That voice, like Joseph's of old to his brethren, may *seem* rough, but there are gracious undertones of love. "It is I," he seems to say. "*It was I*, that roused the storm. It is I, who, when it has done its work, will calm it, and say, 'Peace, be still.' Every wave rolls at my bidding; every trial is my appointment; all have some gracious end; they are not sent to dash you against the sunken rocks, but to waft you nearer heaven. Is it *sickness*? I am he who bare your sickness; the weary, wasted frame, and the nights of languishing, were sent by me. Is it *bereavement*? I am 'the Brother' born for adversity; the loved and lost were plucked away by me. Is it *death*? I am the 'Abolisher of death,' seated by your side to calm the waves of ebbing life. It is *I*, about to fetch my pilgrims *home*. It is my voice that

speaks, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'"

Reader, thou wilt have reason yet to praise thy God for every one such storm! This is the history of every heavenly voyager: "*So* he bringeth them to their desired haven." "*So!*" That word, in all its unknown and diversified meaning, is in *his* hand. He suits his dealings to every case. "*So!*" With some, it is through quiet seas, unfretted by one buffeting wave. "*So!*" With others it is "mounting up to heaven, and going down again to the deep." But whatever be the leading and the discipline, here is the grand consummation, "*So* he bringeth them unto their desired haven." It might have been with thee the moanings of an eternal night-blast, no lull or pause in the storm; but soon the darkness will be past, and the hues of morn tipping the shores of glory!

And what, then, should your attitude be? "Looking unto Jesus," (literally, looking, *from unto*;) looking away from self, and sin, and human props and refuges and confidences, and fixing the eye of unwavering and unflinching faith on a reigning Savior. Ah, how a real quickening sight of Christ dispels all guilty fears! The Roman keepers of old were affrighted, and became as dead men. The lowly Jewish women feared not. Why? "*I know that ye seek Jesus!*" Reader, let thy weary spirit fold itself to rest under the composing "word" of a gracious Savior, saying,—"*I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in HIS WORD do I hope.*"—[The Words of Jesus.]

### Faith and Feeling.

BY Y.

"What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,  
And if thy Christian warfare never cease;  
The gaining of the quiet habitation,  
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace."

THE devout and sincere Christian is sensitive to every thing, which in the least intermits his peace and fellowship with



Christ, and, at various points of his experience, inquires, how far he may indulge his feelings, while in suffering and trial, and not cripple his trust in God; for to maintain an undeviating course toward his final rest, is the unchanged purpose of his heart.

He is commanded to have "above all, the shield of faith;" here we learn that faith is a sturdy, valiant grace, against which, Satan and the world contend so fiercely, that we are tempted to think it has no kin to feeling—no sympathy with the delicate and tender fibres of the heart. Although faith may sustain an unflinching position, yet it is friendly to sensibility, and supports the gentler graces of the spirit.

Faith, is, indeed, a great sympathizer—how often she lifts up the weary eye to the cross and mercy-seat, for encouragement and consolation—how she tinges, with the roseate hue of morning, the dark, midnight hour, when death and sorrow are doing their worst!

"O, for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink,  
Of any earthly woe."

Persons sometimes reply, when inquired of for the state of their souls, "O, I am weak in faith," or "I have lost my faith." We think such are in a sad state, indeed, and what can we do to help them renew their faith, and restore them, as it were, to their feet again, for their heavenward march?

The ardent, sensitive temperament of some keeps them so alive in feeling, that with difficulty they stand by faith in trying times. Mr. Wesley said he grieved, but did not fret. Some lose faith very easily; the least discouragement through the opinions of others, or their own mistakes, will intimidate them so, that they drop their shield, and stand undefended before their enemies.

We must infer from Scripture, that faith in God is a mother grace, as we are commanded to believe in Christ, then love Him, who first loved us. We believe he has

pardoned, or cleansed us, and our love immediately rises in swelling gratitude for his condescension to our low estate; we love him, in proportion to the gift he has bestowed upon us, if purified, with all the heart, with all the soul, and all the might.

When sorrowing feeling is tumultuous, it has many grievances to ponder over; so many tender relations that are afflicted, that faith is put behind, and can have but little to say; though now and then striving to put in a few words for God and his faithfulness, such as "Look to Jesus," "Fear not," "Be of good cheer." Ah, but sobbing nature keeps the mastery, and dwells upon the wrongs—the second causes. Faith is discouraged, weak, and tried, and only faintly whispers, "All things work together for good, to them that love God."

A query rises—if, after we have pleaded earnestly with God, for something we knew was according to his will, and he has spoken the answer to the heart, that he *will do* the things we have asked, how are we to behave when again exceedingly tried in our feelings, while the fulfilment of the promise is delayed? Are we to begin and plead over again, in the same way, renew the burden upon the heart, or, amid the strife of feeling, and trial of faith, calmly and patiently wait? We think experience teaches the latter way the best, for peace, faith, and love. The Christian is not a stoic; he feels, and grace has refined his feelings; neither would his trials answer the divine purpose if he did not feel them—thus, they magnify the grace of God, which sustains our faith, while we feel to the quick.

The great end the Christian has to keep in view, is *to look up*, that while he *feels*, his faith may see the unseen hand through the tears of his anguish. Though we weep, and feel sad, God is keeping his steady course in his dealing with us—as one expressed herself concerning a fellow-disciple, who was in sore trouble, "God knows what he is about." Faith must look to the High Priest who pleads for us, and is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Des-



ponding Christian, while thou art in trouble, there is a great movement in heaven on thy part, that thy faith fail not—continue to trust in God, in the midst of thy tears, and swellings of heart—let not the commotion within be so great, as to drown the whispers of faith, which points to Him, who is thy ready helper through the blessed Spirit. When the feelings are quieted and hushed by faith, peace abides even in tribulation—if we keep submission, and cheerfulness, faith must live above grieved feelings.

“O, how many a glorious record,  
Had the angels of me kept,  
Had I done, instead of doubted,  
Had I warred, instead of wept.”

There is a point in feeling, which, if passed beyond, we sensibly wound our faith, and are left for a while like a wreck, sensible of spiritual loss. Some question why they are so tried and tempted. One reason may be, that in trial they bring forth the *most* and *best* fruit,—or may have more faith to endure, than those who do not pass the same ordeal; thus they glorify God more. None of the patriarchs or prophets were tried as was Abraham, for he was to be the father of the faithful, and the example of faith and obedience to all the future church, Jewish, and Christian. He did not possess a foot of ground in that strange land he was commanded to seek, only the cave of Macpelah—his burying-place—a beautiful providence, that his bones should take possession for his seed after him. It was at the extremity of the promise, that Isaac was given. So it may be with us. God in his sovereignty may meet us, *only*, in the time of our *utmost need*; why, he knows best, and we may never know, while in this present state of partial knowledge. Thy will be done, is our song, and upon it let us joyously triumph.

HOLINESS.—“Give what God will, without holiness you are poor; but with that you are rich, take what he will away.”—[Cheever.

### Diffusion of Holiness.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 25, 1858.

THE glorious work of the Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is spreading from the cities of the north-eastern states, to the south-western borders of the Union. The warming and purifying rays of the Sun of Righteousness have reached even to the grassy vales and rolling prairies of Texas, where many souls are emerging into the light and joy attendant upon purity of heart, and entire devotion to God. The Rev. L. S. Friend, is evidently endued with a mission to the church, requiring them to put on the beautiful garment of righteousness, and appear before the world as a burning and a shining light. Through his preaching, exhortations, prayers, and discourses, explanatory of the doctrine of holiness of heart, as taught in the inspired volume, attended with power from on high, some eighteen at this place, at one meeting, gave testimony that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Several meetings have been held since, at which the sacred fire burned high upon the altars of many hearts, and shouts of victory over the man of sin, saluted the ears of those present. Many Christians at other places where Brother Friend has labored, have thrown off the shackles of the world, the flesh and Satan, and are now rejoicing in the saving influence of the blood of Jesus, which cleanses and keeps from the defilement of sin. The prayer of the church in this delightful land is, that this rising wave of holiness to the Lord may increase in volume, and spread like a mighty ocean billow, until the two distant tides, which are now convulsing the Christian world, may meet in general conflux, and like a great ocean cover the length and breadth of our happy Union, and the name of the Lord be glorified. Our stationed minister, Rev. B. Harris, is among those who enjoy the blessing of perfect love, and is consequently well fitted to fan the flame already lighted up, and spread the kindling fire.

S. CUMMINGS.



## A Holy Ministry.

## SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

ARCHBISHOP Usher was a man of distinguished learning, piety, and diligence. A friend of the archbishop frequently urged him to write his thoughts on *Sanctification*, which at length he engaged to do; but, a considerable time elapsing, the performance of his promise was unfortunately claimed. The bishop replied to this purpose: "I have not written, and yet I cannot charge myself with a breach of promise, for I began to write; but when I came to treat of the new creature, which God formeth by his own Spirit in every regenerate soul, I found so little of it wrought in myself, that I could speak of it only as parrots, or by rote, but without the knowledge of what I might have expressed; and, therefore, I durst not presume to proceed any farther upon it."

Upon this, his friend stood amazed to hear such an humble confession, from so grave, holy, and eminent a person. The bishop then added: "I must tell you, we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are. It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will, to the will of God; and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ; and oh, how many who profess Christianity are unacquainted, experimentally, with this work upon their souls!"

This narrative of the good archbishop is touching, and tends to cause every man, and especially every minister of the gospel, to turn back at the threshold of his own heart, shut the door upon the outward world and thoughts of other men, and to remain long shut up in communion with his own soul. And most necessary is it that this very sad and solemn self-knowledge should be early attained by every ambassador of Christ, and most profitable would its attainment prove. The great

crowd of worldly-thinking, worldly-talking, and superficial-feeling preachers, who make up a large part of those who have the sacred ministerial name, must be replaced by a thoughtful, studious, prayerful, humble, consecrated, and heavenly-minded ministry, before any great and powerful baptism of the Spirit can fall upon the world. And no man who has never entered into most scrutinizing acquaintance with the secrets of the deepest depths of his own nature, and become thoroughly penetrated with a sense of the sum and detail of the evils of his heart, the faults of his character, and the dangers of his temper, has any solid, deep, and broad foundation for growth in holiness, and ministerial devotion and power. It is one of the most profitable of all mental exercises for a minister of the gospel, to compare himself with the *ideal* of ministerial character, deportment, and labor, which will be furnished him by a constant and prayerful study of the scriptures, by contemplation of the great work for which Jesus Christ has "chosen him out of the world," and by appreciative meditation upon the lives of the eminently holy and useful men, who have adorned and dignified the annals of his sacred calling.

This should be a life-long exercise. The life, language, labors, and spirit of St. Paul, if constantly kept before the mind, will lift up a standard that will attract the soul with a noble spiritual emulation. Those, of all the devoted ministers of the gospel, will have the same influence. A minister of the gospel who does not constantly strive to know himself, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the character, grade, and progress, of his own Christian experience, as compared with the scriptural standard, can never attain to much excellence in spirituality, or ministerial power and usefulness. The absence of this spiritual foundation, will also induce an overweening self-consequence, professional pride and vanity, and a general worldly judgment of his profession and labors, which threaten not only the loss of usefulness, but



also the loss of his soul. Ministerial self-knowledge of the right kind, consists not merely in knowledge of one's self, in the light of his own individual and perhaps selfish judgment, of the responsibilities of his calling, nor in the light of the ordinary standard of ministerial character and practice. But it is knowledge of one's self in the light of the law of ministerial responsibility which exists in the mind of God—which is conformable to the love which "gave his Son a ransom for us all"—which is illustrated by the sufferings of Christ and the pleadings of the Holy Spirit—which is emphasized by the misery and danger and constant ruin of souls, for whom Christ died—and which is exemplified by the characters, lives, and labors of the prophets, apostles, martyrs, and holy men of every age. In the presence of this law, let ministers of the gospel look into themselves, and mark their spirit, and judge of themselves with a severe and jealous scrutiny.

How many men are tripping easily into the pulpit, and talking with flippant tongues, and unabashed eyes, and with a sinful regard to worldly things, who would fall upon their faces, were they to see themselves in the light of this law!—[Texas Christian Advocate.

#### Each Man marking his Man.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A MINISTER  
IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

\* \* YOUR letter to me contained excellent advice in reference to the duty of individual effort to save souls. Soon after I had received it, I preached upon the subject of each soldier of the cross marking his man. I also read an extract of your letter, and told my congregation that I should set the example. But, as I considered that I was worth any three men, I should select three souls for the charge. In three weeks I led my prey captive. I took the spoils of war, and laid them at my Captain's feet. The work commenced in good earnest. In

three weeks we added seventy souls. Praise God! In the revival we witnessed some of the most beautiful features of the Christian warfare. Sometimes we saw the wife leading a stricken partner to the penitent form, requesting an interest in our prayers. Then we saw a sister leading a captive brother to the Savior, and a friend leading his friend to be saved by him whose friendship is firmer than brotherhood. I ought to say that my congregation was fully prepared to take hold of your advice, because the tidings of the great work in Hamilton, Canada, had very much roused us to a sense of our duty. You kindly enclosed me the account in your letter; but, as the Canada journals are largely circulated here, we had been made familiar with the work before your letter came.

I shall rejoice to hear from you again as soon as possible. I have delayed, partly to see the fruits of the revival. I am now entering upon our quarterly visitation of the classes, renewing the tickets. What a difference I see between the present and the first quarter! All our classes are filled up with new members. I can say "*The rain also filleth the pools.*" We have just held our annual missionary meetings, and the collections are considerably in advance of former years."

GOD OUR PORTION.—When God gives himself he gives all blessings. Who would not rather be the poorest wanderer that walks the earth, the most down-trodden and despised outcast of creation, and have his daily meals at God's spiritual table, his daily walks with his Redeemer, his daily visits of refreshment at the full fountain of his love, than, without that refreshment, to possess the riches of all kingdoms, or be the worshipped idol of the world?"—[Cheever.

"OUR Savior was a preacher and a pattern of humility. He did so admire it, that he set them in the highest form that had the lowest hearts."



### Prayer Effectual.

"CHILD, you are making bitter work for repentance, bitter work for repentance!" sorrowfully said the good pastor, as his son defiantly repulsed him.

"I can't help it," was the reply, "if I don't repent, I shall get clear of the bitter work, I'm thinking!"

"William, no more of this," replied the father, in stern reproof, "go directly to your room,—you will omit supper to-night, and I wish not to see you till you can patiently ask my forgiveness."

William slammed the door after him, and went out, and the pastor paced his study with agonizing emotions. It was a grievous trial; his only son had disobeyed him, and, young as he was,—for he was but thirteen,—had added insult to injury. In vain had the father spent hours in expostulation; in vain had he punished him, and seemingly prayed for him in vain. His stubborn, rebellious spirit appeared farther than ever from yielding.

The good man was sorely perplexed; he was a rigid disciplinarian, and had faithfully required his son to obey him from his earliest accountability. He had carefully trained him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It was his conviction, founded on observation, that, unless the will of a child is thoroughly subdued before the age of three years, it is rarely done subsequently. William had been subdued betimes, and all his father's philosophy was at fault to account for his strange conduct. He felt that now indeed had his son reached a crisis: on the decisions of these moments his eternal destinies hung.

The boy's fair-haired mother was asleep in Jesus, and his little sister,—doveling of the household,—the fond father cherished, striving to brood and protect it with his own and the mother's love. Grieved and stricken, the pastor felt

"How keener than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child."

But William's case was no ordinary one;

and the man of God set himself about his rescue with his might. He felt the impotency of human efforts, and betook himself to prayer. All through the long night-watches, he wrestled with the angel of the covenant, pouring out his complaint with "strong crying and tears." The night wore away, and still the pastor agonized for the rebel boy. The wrestling continued even till the "ascending of the morning," and he, too, would not let the angel go except he bless.

The blessing came. While yet he was importuning with the King of kings, pleading the sure promises, a gentle knock was heard at his door; and when he had opened it, there stood before him his own "lost" William, "found" again through the grace of God.

"I've come, father," the boy faltered, "to ask you to forgive me if you can."

"My precious son, come to my arms!" exclaimed the pastor, bursting into tears, "I gladly forgive you; but the great thing is to have God forgive you."

"I—I've tried to ask him, sir," said William.

He was indeed a true penitent, and made a full confession to his father, and now gives good evidence that he is "a member of the fold of Emanuel."

Let no one despair. The Lord is still a prayer-hearing God, and the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man even now "availeth much."—[Watchman and Reflector.

### Wayside Thoughts.

"WHEN the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."—Isaiah lix. 19.

THE apostle Peter compares Satan to a roaring lion, that continually goes about seeking whom he may devour. It is his constant study to harass and perplex God's dear children, but, blessed be God, he can proceed no further than he is pleased to permit him, and if he should come in like a flood, God will take care that his Spirit



shall lift up a standard against him. Remember, my reader, it is no sin to be tempted; the sin is in receiving, or agreeing with, the temptation. Christ, himself, was tempted, but he resisted the tempter; and it is thy privilege to fly unto Christ under every temptation. Tell him thy case, implore his assistance, and, depend upon it, he will take care that even temptations shall be among those "all things" that work together for thy good. Forget not the exhortation of the Lord, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.—Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations. There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to men; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."

This is the Christian's chiefest joy  
His faithful God is ever nigh;  
Whose rod, and staff, and promised grace  
Protect him through this wilderness.

### Gratitude.

SANCTIFIED gratitude is heaven begun. The city of the living God abounds with worshippers. It resounds with hallelujahs. The voice of angels is praise. The language of the saints is adoration. The anthems of the church below, are her responses to the symphonies of the church above. Gratitude is the music of heaven in the soul. The full swell of the benevolence of the Most High meets a most perfect concord in the everlasting gratitude of the redeemed.

Let gratitude then abound on the earth. Let it continually actuate every believer's breast. Let us set ourselves diligently to prayer. Let us set ourselves diligently to praise. "Pray without ceasing," says the apostle; and immediately adds, "in everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—1 Thess. ii. 17, 18.

Obey this command, O, believer. Look around you for causes of thankfulness.

Be eagle-eyed to discern your mercies, rather than your miseries. Look not always at the dark spots in every picture, lest your mind be darkened like them. Fix your eyes also on the bright and the beautiful, that your mind may reflect your image. Let the one teach you to pray, let the other teach you to praise.

The tide of gratitude increases as it flows. It rises higher and higher, both before and around us, and extends itself widely on every side. When we render thanksgivings to our God and Savior for one mercy, a second presents itself to view; then a third; then a fourth; then others successively arise, and roll in upon our remembrance. The goodness and the mercy of the Lord are, like the mighty deep, unfathomable. His acts of love, are as the ocean waves, innumerable; and innumerable, therefore, should be our acts of thanksgiving.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy various love surveys;  
Where shall my grateful lips begin?  
Or where conclude thy praise?

REV. JOHN STEPHENS.

### A Spanish Philanthropist.

THE following gem of biography is taken from a letter of William C. Bryant, now traveling in Europe. It begets a new faith in God to read of such men as Mora and Quijano, raised up in such a country as Spain. Only God's spirit could find them out, and bring them forth.

I SAID that Alicante had not much to interest us; let me recall the expression. I saw at Alicante what interested me more than almost anything else which I met with in Spain, the monument of a man most remarkable for active and disinterested beneficence, Don Trino Gonzalet de Quijano, who was the civil Governor of the province of Alicante from the twenty-second of August 1852, to the sixteenth of September in the same year, while the cholera was carrying off its thousands, and filling the province with consternation. In early



life, Quijano had been a soldier, and was always a zealous constitutionalist. Those with whom he acted had entrusted him successively with the administrative power in several of the provinces of the kingdom, and he made himself so popular in the Canary Islands, to which he had been sent by the Government, that they elected him third representative to the Cortes. Immediately upon his arrival at Alicante, he entered actively upon the work of mercy, superintending in person every measure adopted for the relief of the sick and their families, attending at their bedsides, administering the medicines prescribed by the physicians, providing for the necessitous out of his private fortune, and when that was exhausted, dispensing the contributions of those who were incited to generosity by his generous example. As the circle of the pestilence extended, he passed from one town to another, sometimes in the night, and sometimes in the midst of tempests, carrying, wherever he went, succor and consolation, and assuaging the general alarm by his own serene presence of mind. When his friends expressed their fears lest his human labors might cost him his life, "It is very likely they may," he answered, "but my duty is plain, and if I can check the spread of the cholera, by laying down my life, I shall lay it down cheerfully." He was attacked at length by the distemper, but not till he had the satisfaction of seeing its violence greatly abated. "Do not call in the physicians," he said, "it will create a panic, and make new victims; let it not be known, if you can help it, that I died of the cholera."

Quijano died, to the great grief of those whom he had succored, and for whom he had literally laid down his life. Three years he lay in his grave, and as soon as the physicians pronounced that it could be done without danger to the public health, his coffin was taken up and opened. The features were found to be little altered; it seemed that even corruption had respected and spared the form in which once dwelt so noble a soul. The people of the province,

in silence and wonder, came in crowds about the lifeless corpse, and kissed its hand; mothers led up their children to look at all that was left of the good man to whom they owed their own lives and those of their husbands. The corner-stone of the monument was laid, to which the towns composing the province of Alicante contributed. It stands a little without the northern gate of the city,—a four-sided, tapering shaft, inscribed with the names of the grateful towns which he succored—Alicante, Alcoy, Montforte, Elche and others—resting on a pedestal which bears a medallion head of Quijano and inscriptions to his honor. May it stand as long as the world.

I love and honor Spain for having produced such a man as Quijano.

EXTRACT FROM MR. WESLEY'S JOURNAL, 1765.—"Sunday, 15. I buried the remains of Rebecca Mills. She found peace with God many years since, and about five years ago, was entirely changed, and enabled to give her whole soul to God. From that hour she never found any decay, but loved and served him with her whole heart. Pain and sickness, and various trials, succeeded almost without any intermission; but she was always the same, firm and unmoved, as the Rock on which she was built; in life and in death uniformly praising the God of her salvation. The attainableness of this great salvation is put beyond all reasonable doubt by the testimony of one such (were there but one) living and dying witness."

ANOTHER—WRITTEN 1766.—"Thursday, 10. About two in the afternoon, I preached at Potts, and, in the evening, at Hatten Rudby. Here is the largest society in these parts, and the most alive to God. After spending some time with them all, I met those apart who believe they are saved from sin. I was agreeably surprised. I think not above two out of sixteen or seventeen whom I examined have lost the direct witness of that salvation ever since they experienced it."



### Personal Experience.

A LITTLE more than four years since, I was enabled to enter into the "Highway of Holiness," and I now send you a sketch of the Lord's dealings with my soul, trusting that, if you see fit to publish any part of it, it may prove a blessing to others.

I was deeply convicted of sin, in the twelfth year of my age, and soon obtained a clear witness of pardon and acceptance, and united with the Presbyterian church which I had always attended. I then fully subscribed to all the doctrines of that church, except that which taught that we must always live in sin. This did not seem to me like Bible doctrine.

I asked my mother, one day, "how it was that the church taught we must always continue in sin, while the Bible commanded us to 'love God with all the heart.'"

"O," said she, "that command only means, that we must be as good as we can. We can never love God with all the heart, but we must come as near it as possible." This answer did not at all satisfy me, but I was only a child, and could not think of differing in judgment with those so much older and wiser than myself; so I tried to "be as good as I could," and consoled myself with the belief that, amid the last agonies of dissolving nature, that "holiness" would be imparted "without" which I knew I could not "see the Lord."

I then knew nothing of the doctrine of Christian Perfection, as taught by the M. E. Church; but, a few years after, the wife of a local minister who resided near us asked me "if I would not like to read some very good books she had." I was passionately fond of reading, and eagerly accepted her offer, and the *Life of William Bramwell*, with several numbers of the "Guide," were placed in my hands. But the doctrines there set forth seemed so strange to me, nurtured as I had been in Calvinism, that I determined not to believe them, unless the word of God should establish them fully. To the law and the testimony,

therefore, I appealed, in the spirit of an humble inquirer after truth, and soon the scales began to fall from my eyes. I became convinced that purity of heart was attainable, and sought to become all that God would have me be. I believe all was laid upon the altar of sacrifice, but I did not feel that I was accepted, and, not knowing exactly how to exercise faith, I concluded that, at that time, the blessing could not be for me. I soon after removed my church-relationship, for I could no longer remain in a church whose doctrines I could not reconcile with the Bible. Still I did not follow the Lord fully. Yet hearing so little said, in the class-room, or anywhere else, about holiness of heart, it was very easy for the tempter to assure me that it was not best to be anxious on the subject just then. The strongest argument he used to persuade me to postpone my efforts until some future period, was, that it would be the height of presumption for me to try to be better than my class-leader, and at my age too. But, with my previous convictions of duty, it could not be expected that I would prosper in such a course. O, I shudder to recall the life I led for some time. Still I clung to the form of religion, though conscious of being destitute of much of the power I once possessed. But while listening to a sermon preached from Christ's address to the Laodicean church, I saw my awful condition, and then and there resolved to be no longer lukewarm.—that I would either leave the church entirely, or else serve God to the best of my ability. Solemnly, deliberately, I chose the latter course, and determined, by the assistance of divine grace, to follow what light I had, and perform any and every duty that was made known. Crosses arose which I had not anticipated, but God was my helper.

About two weeks after listening to the sermon to which I have referred, I went to the "tented grove," and there, for the first time in my life, was addressed upon the subject of heart-holiness. But it was not



as easy now to consecrate all to the service of my Redeemer, as when duty was first made known, for, during my heart-wanderings, many idols had been set up where Jehovah should have "reigned alone," and now they plead earnestly to be spared *a little longer*. But the Spirit was at work, and I began to feel that it was "worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone." So, though my heart bled to its very core, one cherished idol after another was laid upon the altar of sacrifice. *Some* ornaments were laid aside, but *others*, which were of less value, and had troubled me less, were not disturbed, as it seemed so *foolish* to think so *great* a God could allow such *small things* to hinder my reception of his blessing. A praying company gathered in our tent, and O, how earnestly petition after petition ascended to the throne in my behalf! I, too, tried, in brokenness of heart, to call upon him who styles himself the "hearer and answerer of prayer," but no whisper of peace came to soothe my troubled spirit. At the close of our little interview, I retired to a private apartment of the tent, hoping to find in that quiet spot the relief I had vainly sought while surrounded by others; but the heavens still seemed as brass. Now it was suggested that the remaining ornaments *might* be a hindrance, and they were *all* laid aside.

In a moment all feeling was gone, and my soul seemed perfectly inactive. At first I feared I had in some way grieved the Spirit, and that God was hiding his face in anger. Such a calm seemed more dreadful than the storm of conviction that had preceded it. But I knew I had tried to come to God in the best manner I could, and I was convinced that, "if in anything I was otherwise-minded, he would reveal even that unto me;" so I asked, in faith, that he would show me just where I was. But no answer came. Like one of old, I must stand and watch the sacrifice for a time, before I could have any sensible assurance that it was accepted. At that moment, I dared to reckon myself wholly

the Lord's. With a calm, trusting heart I repaired to the stand, and assumed the attitude of a listener. But of the sermon, the closing exercises, or my return to the tent, I know nothing. I was, doubtless, so "*lost* in wonder, love, and praise," as to return with others, mechanically, without the least thought of what I was doing. I cannot recollect even what my thoughts or feelings were, during the sermon. The first thing I can call to mind is, standing in the tent, and weeping for joy. The witness had come, clear as the noon-day sun. There was not a doubt,—there could be no mistake. Perhaps it was on account of my proneness to reason that God thus manifested his glorious presence to my poor, unworthy soul. O! the bliss of that hour! I was well convinced that I could not bear much more, and live; and I looked for a speedy summons to that world, of which I was getting such a glorious foretaste. But my work was not yet done. Indeed I might hardly have been said to have begun to work for God, for I am not aware that even a single soul had ever been brought to the Savior through my instrumentality.

Since that time, I have tried to do every thing as unto the Lord; but, O! how far short have I come of what my privileges have entitled me to! How much farther I might have been advanced in the divine life! Yet my heavenly Father is very mindful of me. In his providence, I am placed among strangers, with but few Christian companions, and no social or public means of grace, except an occasional hearing of the word, yet he is saving me *so entirely*. These long winter evenings my room has been made a Bethel. Glory be to God, for salvation free and *full*. If these are but drops, what will the fountain be? But I am aware I have already trespassed too far on your time; so, with the earnest prayer, that God may speed you on in your glorious work,

I remain yours, in Christ,

ANNA.

Southern Home, Feb. 3d, 1858.



### Explanation Desired.

We give the following an insertion in order to afford the brother referred to, an opportunity to make himself more clearly understood. Protracted controversy we have always avoided, as not conducing to the end for which our periodical was established.

DEAR BRETHREN. By your permission I would be glad to ask a few questions of Brother A. A. Phelps, the author of the first article in the May number of the "Guide;" an article written on a subject, which, both he and I, and your readers generally, feel a deep interest, and on which it would, as he states, be well if we could see eye to eye.

We are told, by Brother Phelps, that "the witness of the Spirit is most certainly to be expected on the reception of perfect love." I would ask,—

1st. What is his understanding of the term "perfect love?"

2nd. Are there any characteristics accompanying the witness of the Spirit, that may be relied upon by all, as an infallible assurance, that the subject is the recipient of "perfect love?"

3rd. If I consecrate myself, body, soul and spirit, a willing sacrifice to the Lord, with sincerity, and experience at the time no change in my feelings, is it to be presumed that the sacrifice is not accepted by the Lord, because my feelings have not changed?

4th. If I consecrate myself to the Lord, as above stated, and believe, for any reason, that he does not accept of me; in other words, if I doubt his promise;—does he accept the sacrifice according to his promise while I am in a state of doubt concerning the fact of my acceptance?

These questions are asked, not in a controversial spirit, but with sincere desire to harmonize our views with the Word of God, and, as a consequence, with one another.

To give Brother Phelps a faint idea of the direction my own thoughts take, I will state that the following propositions are unquestionable in my mind:

First. *Whatever* the Lord has promised, he will perform, whether we believe it or doubt it.

Second. Faith in Christ cannot *properly* be construed to imply that God will fulfil his promise on condition that we believe he will.

Third. Joy and peace is a *result* of faith, and may follow the exercise of a faith that is either well or ill founded.

From these propositions we make the following deductions:

First. Whatever we ask according to the will of God we do receive, whether we believe it or not. If we believe that we receive, the result will be joy and peace.

Second. The fact that we experience joy and peace, is no evidence that we have received that which we ask for, but that we believe we have received. The only present *reliable* assurance we can have that we receive, is the promise of God, which may be regarded as the testimony of his Spirit; subsequently our assurance is strengthened by the fruit produced, which is the testimony of our own spirit, each confirming the other.

Yours in love,

E. J.

CHRISTIANITY.—"The articles of our faith are those depths in which the elephant may swim; and the rules of our practice those shadows in which the lamb may wade. But as both light and darkness make but one natural day, so here both the clearness of the *apuda*, and the mystery of *credenda* of the gospel constitute but one entire religion."—[South.

LOSS OF THE SOUL.—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This is a sum in profit and loss, that it will take eternity to cypher out.—[Cheever.

JOY.—In Paradise, "joy was a masculine and a severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason."—[South.